When I was just a child...

I saw a puppy outside the window!

So, yesterday,

Hey, Mom!

Chapter 11: Raison D'être

Is that so?...

グリザイアの果実

- L'Oiseau bleu -

©Frontwing

原作 フロントウイング

脚本 藤咲淳一 (Production I.G)

漫画 姫乃タカ

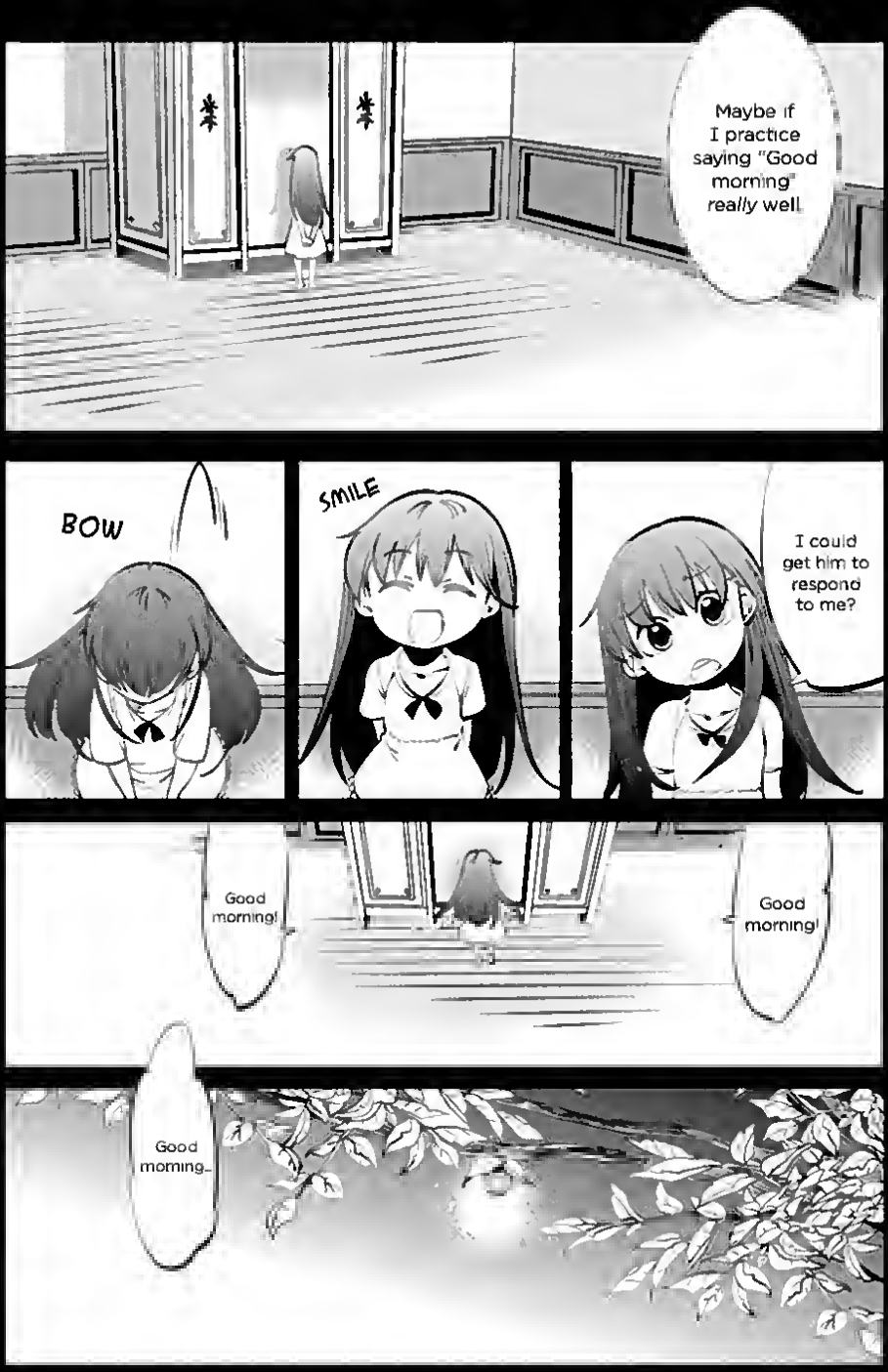
I'm sorry, Yumiko...

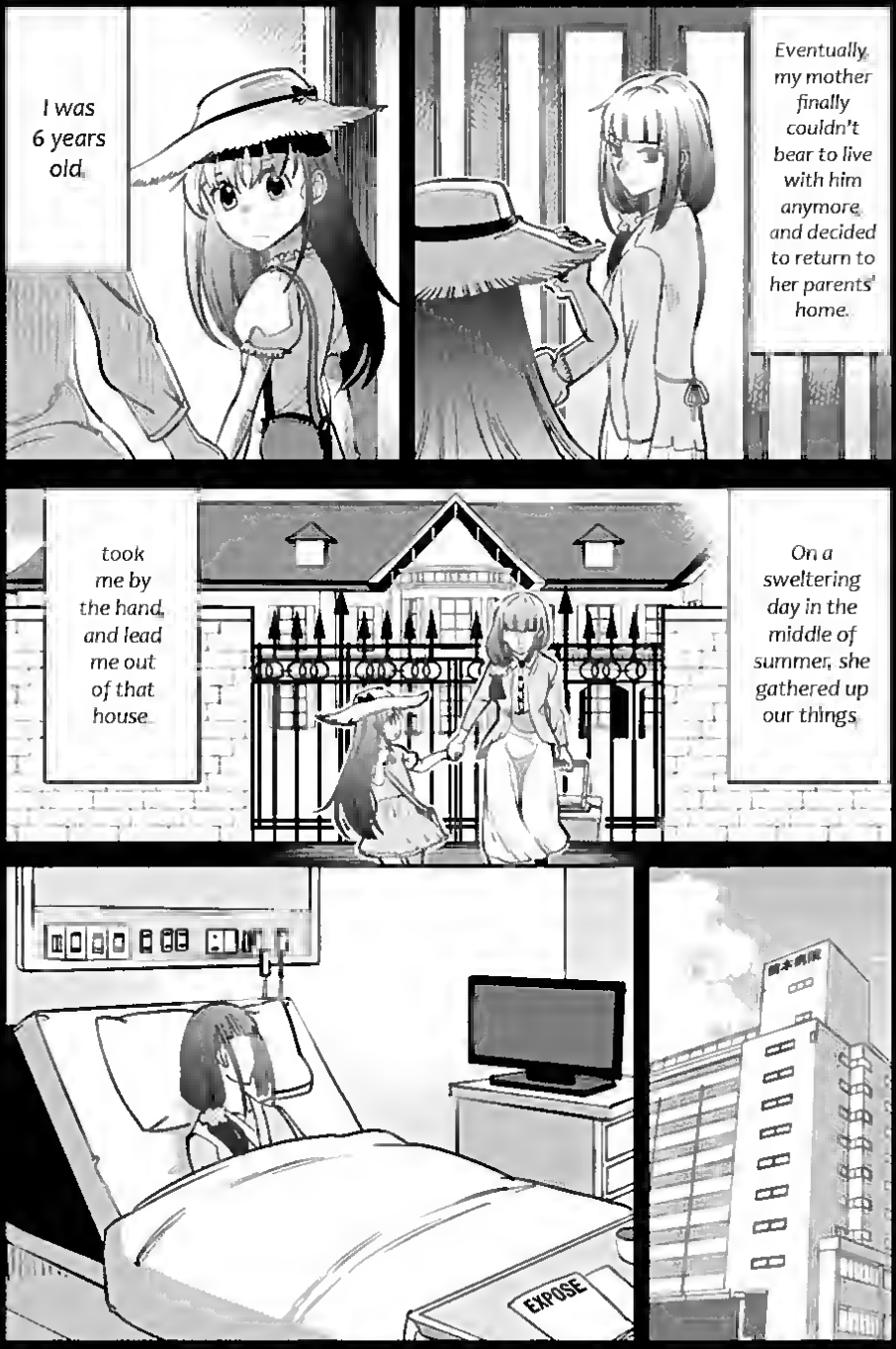
And then-

I waved at it, and it looked over at me!

Can you be quiet for a moment?
Mom.
Sorry,
Chirp
Chirp
Chirp
Chirp
Chirp
Chirp
Chirp
Chirp
Bzzz
Bzzz
Bzzz
Bzzz

Ever since the arranged marriage of my mother, Misako, to my father, Sakaki Michiaki,
they had been hoping for the birth of a boy who could serve as the heir to the East Beach Express empire.
At first, my father treated my mother with reverence
but when he learned that she was pregnant with a girl
and furthermore, that she couldn't get pregnant again due to her weak body
his countenance become noticeably rougher.


Maybe if I practice saying "Good morning" *really* well
BOW
SMILE
I could get him to respond to me?
Good morning!
Good morning!
Good morning...


I was 6 years old.
Eventually my mother finally couldn't bear to live with him anymore, and decided to return to her parents' home.
On a sweltering day in the middle of summer, she gathered up our things
took me by the hand, and lead me out of that house.
EXPOSE

Misako's stuck in the hospital.
What should we do about this?...
and Yumiko needs to be able to commute to school.
The Sakaki household's paying for her living expenses, so wouldn't it be fine to keep her?
It's not "fine" at all. How can you be so carefree, with our company's finances suffering like they are?
Hey! That's no way to speak!

The doggy
was really cute...
Scritch

I'm off.
In middle school, I didn't talk to anyone.
No, I couldn't talk to anyone.
How could I, in a close-knit rural environment like that.
That house
that middle school
and the hospital where I would visit my mother
became a bird cage encompassing my entire world

I, being born and raised in that bird cage
never even imagined I might be able to escape.
Hello there
Miss Sakaki Yumiko.
Well now!
!

He was a gossip magazine reporter, sniffing around for info about my father.
DASH
I couldn't let a man like that get any suspicions about my mother's condition.
all I could do was run around in helpless circles.
Trapped as I was in my bird cage.

It was all because of my beloved mother that I had any time to spend in this world at all.
I sought momentary relief in the time I spent drawing.
But, one day...

Here.
Your usual magazine.
...I should probably get going soon.
EXPOSE
It would have been better

If you were
a boy...
Why...
Wha-
Couldn't you...
have been a boy?

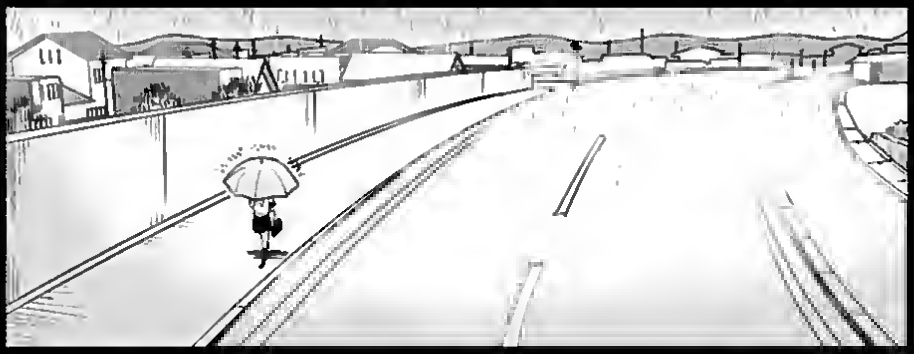
RUN
RUN
RUN
OPEN
But,
to say that...
If it had been a failing that I could possibly do something about, I could have still held on...
SOB
SOB
SOB
SOB
Why did she have to say something like that?
Something I couldn't fix no matter how hard I tried...

SOB
to be born like this!
SOB
It's not like I asked
Ow!
SQUEEZE
These damn things!
A loathing hatred for the shape of my body, for the woman that I was already becoming.
Along with the pain, I felt a sensation coursing through my entire body, like it was filling my veins.
It hurts so much...
It hurts...

was keep on running in circles
CLICK
CLICK
And yet, all I could do

SW
IP

in my own little world...
Trapped in my bird cage.



Has East Beach Express Group president Sakaki Michiaki been hiding an illegitimate child!?
A male child at long last, but from his mistress!

Here, your usual magazine.
!
EXPOSE
EXPOSE
What ...is this?...
CLATTER
FLOP
Hey!
Don't drop it!

Haa
Haa
SLAM
Haa...
Haa...

SLAM
SS
SS
SS

MOM!
SQUISH
Mom?
Mom...
Has East Beach Express Group president Sakaki Michiaki been hiding an illegitimate child!?
his mistress!

Mom!...
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
RUMBLE...
Who ...
are you?

CRASH
RUM
Mo-
...
SSS
m?
SS
RUMBL
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
No...
No!
Please
...

who had ever truly accepted me
had fallen out of my reach
The only person
crushing my heart and tearing out my insides
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
It was like the rumbling thunder around me was a gigantic boulder,
Mom...
Please!!
No...

#lemonscans@irc.rizon.net

But even that desperate cry is swallowed by the thunder...

Grisaia no Kajitsu ~ L'oiseau Bleu ~ Chapter 11
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